

PASTOR AT FOURTEEN

REV. HENRY VAN COTT BANTA A CHILD WHEN CALLED TO PASTOR.

Has Been Two Years a Clergyman—Called to Take Charge of a Church by the People of Charlotte, N. C.—Now Visiting Brooklyn.

The Rev. Henry Van Cott Banta, aged 16, is a tall, slender, educated man, pastor of the southern conference of the Methodist Episcopal church. He is the pastor of a church in Charlotte, N. C. He was raised in Brooklyn—that is, he has lived there more years than he has lived anywhere else.

The Rev. Henry Van Cott Banta is a frail youth. He appears to be not more than 12 years old. He is, however, with a pale complexion. His eyes are a light blue; his mouth small, his lips very red. He has a thoughtful brow, and he parts his hair far on one side. Just now the boy pastor is visiting his parents in Brooklyn.

When you first meet the Rev. Van Cott Banta, he impresses you with an air of great dignity. He holds his head slightly on the side. He smiles in an encouraging way. He has the ecclesiastical countenance, which consists in grasping a hand firmly and pressing it without moving it up or down.

The boy pastor's father, John W. Banta, was a Methodist preacher who has retired and is now engaged in literary work in the Biblehouse in this city. Occasionally he goes on an exploring trip. The Rev. Henry was born in Brooklyn, Ont. His parents took him to Brooklyn when he was a baby, so he calls himself a Brooklyn boy. When the boy pastor was a little chap, his brother let him fall, injuring his left knee so that he will be lame all his life. A part of the time he is compelled to use crutches. He underwent an operation in the Sunny hospital a few years ago.

About two years ago his father started on an evangelizing tour through Ohio, and as Henry was in delicate health, it was decided that he should go along. In Ohio the elder Banta joined a western evangelist named Hyatt, and the three traveled, like gypsies, in a big covered wagon, holding forth whenever they could get an audience. The small and dejected Henry was converted in a small town in Ohio.

His father and the other evangelist decided to make an attack on the moonshiners in the Blue Ridge mountains. At this point the young pastor says: "It was in a log cabin in the trackless pine forests of North Carolina that I preached my first sermon. The cabin was owned by a man named Gainey, who claimed to be 114 years old."

When the peregrinating preachers reached Shelloate, N. C., which is about 40 miles south of Wilmington, the boy preacher met with remarkable success. The congregation of the church at that time was troubled with a pastor who was accused of being too varied in his affections. They liked Henry so well that they invited the frail, pale boy to become their pastor, and he accepted. He has been in charge for two years. They have given him a parsonage and a horse and wagon. He is known for miles around as a powerful orator. He preaches, and was regularly admitted to the southern conference.

A PUZZLED ENGLISHMAN.

Asks Questions on Several Questions Interesting to Many Readers.

We are bitterly complaining of foreign papers and persons on account of their criticisms and reproaches, but it surely must be difficult for foreigners to understand us. We neglect to stop the preparations for a criminal raid by our own people, and then run after the raiders with a message to return, only

just in time to save ourselves from the charge of complicity, and we extol the sender of the message apparently for letting on late. We repudiate the raiders, and then sharply resent any offers of congratulations to those who succeeded in stopping them. We more than half trait the raiders' cause as our own, publish in the leading journal our just laurels' hysterical and rowdy praise of them, and generally go on the boos against "the enemy," and insult the people our own men have so grievously wronged. No wonder the foreigners find it difficult. I find it difficult myself,

though yes, you can, because if you are married, you will be getting a little girl, and when you send her, just give the doctor this letter, and he can take it to mamma when he goes for the baby."

And there on the envelope was the address, printed as he said it off: "To Mamma, in Heaven. Known as the Doctor."

She took the letter, and hurried the little one to hide the tear which was rubbed off on the early, brown head.—*Washington Star.*

SHOOTING STARS

How These Small Stars Like Planets Move and Partake.

This is the 12th century of the 19th century. It is a world of a new kind. The stars of the sky may be on the earth to-day, and the next day they may be elsewhere. But it is not just the stars that move; the planets are not stationary, nor are the suns; they are known to be in pairs of opposite signs. Some are stationary, others have some irregular motion, and many, indeed, while one is exceedingly near the sun, which is known as a star of a greater power, another, probably you have never heard of, is a star of a smaller power, and is very far away.

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PROPHET OF FREAKS.

SOME RECENTLY MAN AS IN THE SHOW BUSINESS.

The First Real Living Skeleton, His Wife and Their Three Skin and Bone Sons. An Old Museum and Side Show Manager from the Mystery Land.

According to Manager T. E. Sackett of the Big American Fair, Jane W. Sprague was the first unnatural creature, really skin and bone, man and woman, to be exhibited to the public under the title of a "Living Skeleton." It was during the early days of Barnum's Great Show at Circus City, and while that exhibition was in progress, the manager of a showman named Mr. Sackett was in the room with Tony Pastor, Mr. Sackett was acting as director, manager, and all around man for Pastor, & he had previously been associated with Milne, Christy, the two headed girl, and had an eye cut for freaks. We in the Toy Pastor show reached Piermont, St. James & Murray's car, and came there. The inhabitants of Piermont, St. James & Murray's car, were all removed, and with Dan Rice's, Tracy & Novelty, and others, and with the John Robinson crew. With St. James & Murray was Jane W. Sprague, the living skeleton. Mr. Sprague had been discovered by Barnum in Massachusetts. He was the first living skeleton on record since the discovery of the world by Adam. And Sprague was a real living skeleton too. He was nothing but skin and bones, yet he was healthy and jolly.

In 1865 Barnum collected several curiosities, including Sprague, and sent them for a tour of the world. Sprague was the big card. Next to him was a skeleton woman, nearly as attenuated as Sprague, whose name has escaped the wonderful memory of Showman Sackett. Among the other freaks with which Barnum expected to and did astonish the world was Joyce Brith, the colored woman he picked up in the south, supposed to be 135 years old; the "woolly horse," and Annie Swan, the first goliath ever on exhibition.

Sprague, on the steamer going over to London, fell desperately in love with the skeleton woman. She returned his affection, and, according to Manager Sackett, who was on the voyage, it was a sight for the sentimental to observe the billing and cooing of the cattened specimens of Pharaoh's "lame kine."

The entire love affair gave Barnum a business hit, which he was not slow to take advantage of. On their arrival in New York, he put Sprague in a big basin of soap, smoking hot and well flavored with grained sugar. On one occasion she was engaged for a few nights at Marseilles, and her first thought on arriving there was to inquire where she could order her favorite dish. She was recommended to patronize a humble restaurant just by the theater, and going there gave her order in person.

At 9 o'clock, as arranged, nine hostesses gathered his serving maid, and placing a gigantic tureen in her hands, told her to take it to Mme. G— on the stage. He added that orders had been given to let her pass with her bowl, and on the girl's assurance that she would recognize the inmates of her hotel with ease, he was off.

The 7-year-old entered the room and went to her sister's chair very thoughtfully. Drawing a letter from the little pocket, she said:

"Alice, here is a letter to mamma. I have just written, telling her all about the wedding. Will you send it to her?"

The older sister, a little shocked, replied as gently as possible that she couldn't send a letter to mother.

Then the little one, looking quite bright, said promptly:

"Oh, yes, you can, because if you are married, you will be getting a little girl, and when you send her, just give the doctor this letter, and he can take it to mamma when he goes for the baby."

And there on the envelope was the address, printed as he said it off: "To Mamma, in Heaven. Known as the Doctor."

She took the letter, and hurried the little one to hide the tear which was rubbed off on the early, brown head.—*Washington Star.*

EARLY CANDLETIGHT STATE DINNERS.

It appears that in olden times the president used to give his dinner parties at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The grandfather of Representative Aspinwall of Pennsylvania once dined with George Washington, and his family have preserved the invitation. It is written in a business hand on a fourth page of a sheet of ordinary note paper, with the lines running lengthwise across the sheet, and reads as follows:

Mr. Aspinwall is requested to dine with the president on Thursday, the 20th inst., at 4 o'clock, etc.

—Chicago Record.

LAWYERS.

It is recorded of Andrew Johnson that when, senator or president, he was invited to a dinner party, he was accustomed to ask if any lawyer was to be among the guests. For, said he, lawyers always bring up things. He took a greater fancy to William M. Evarts, his attorney general, because of his post-prandial fame than because of his eminent legal attainments.—Green Bag.

GOES A LONG WAY.

Borax—My wife makes a little money for a living every time.

Henkelt—so do I, though I am not a lawyer.

—An old friend of mine, I don't see that one single person has done so much for divorce, that any man has taken of silver or diamonds, or that the Belmont-Vanderbilt crowd had done anything to warrant any more publicity.—Charles Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

—In a Great City.

I odd say that yesterday was one of the best days that has been for me this winter.

—A careful perusal of the papers I don't see that one single person has done so much for divorce, that any man has taken of silver or diamonds, or that the Belmont-Vanderbilt crowd had done anything to warrant any more publicity.—Charles Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

AN ENGLISH CHAPEL.

A View of the Services at the Sunday Morning Service.

After the organ and the organist until the organist has finished his solo, the organist plays the organ.

The organist plays the organ.</

MERITED REWARD.

ELIXIR OF LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Exequed in the History of Medicine,
Honesty, Excellence, Faithfulness
Fully Rewarded.

[SECRET TO OUR LADY READERS]

Never in the history of medicine has the demand for one particular remedy for female diseases been equalled that attained by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and never before in history of medicine has there been such a compound had so great a demand for treatment of diseases of the womb and ovaries as now exists for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Aliments of Women.

It will cure the worst forms of female complaints, all ovarian troubles, inflammation and ulceration, falling and dislocation of the womb, and constant painful weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the change of life.

Every time it will cure.

Buckshot.

It has cured more cases of leucorrhœa

by removing the cause, than any remedy

the world has ever known, it is almost

infallible in such cases. It dissolves and

removes tumors from the uterus in an

early stage of development, and checks

tendency to dangerous humors.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills

work in union with the Compound, and

are a sure cure for constipation and sick

headache. Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative

Wash is frequently found of great value

for local application. Correspondence

is freely solicited by the Lydia E. Pink-

ham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., and the

agents can be assured. All drug

stores sell the Pinkham's remedies. The

Vegetable Compound in three forms,

Liquid, Pills, and Lozenges.

The Feminine Observer

Japanese ware is cheap and delective.

A steam bath is excellent to the complexion.

Stuffed olives are always liked for luncheon.

Gray gowns are being ordered for long wear.

Maria Antoinette is doing well pe-

riodically.

Tea room cups and saucers in

gold wire.

A sash in the nursery is always a

delight for its coziness.

Boarding House Burns

Skinners—Is Mr. Laylowne of your permanent boarder?

I'm laid off—He! I told him he won't be until he had paid up!

Mr. B. is out of my best bottles this week.

Miss H. is ill—Perhaps they sell the cure at a price that can't be met.

Miss B. is out—We're in enough trouble as it is.

My fiance is secret; he is widespread. If you want to con-

nicate it all I shall enjoy it much better. I'm not much for a sprinter you know—Fascists.

Ninety Per Cent

of all the people need to take a course of Hood's Saraparilla that this season to prevent that round-waist condition that is so disease. The money invested in this patented article of Hood's Saraparilla will come with large return in the health and strength.

Hood's Saraparilla is very easy to take, easy to operate. Get it now.

YOU build first the body, then the soul, then the spirit.

It is the best way to do it, but it is not the easiest. It is the easiest guarantee I can give you in all the world.

Now to Seattle a man.

It is a good place to live, though it is a little rough around the edges.

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NAVAREAT THE TOP

THE WEIGHTS OF ENTRIES IN THE SUBURBAN HANDICAP

August Belmont's Horse Must Carry 13 Pounds, and second--the last--a Western Animal Regarded as the "Dark Horse" to the Contest.

The weight of the starting horse, the first to start, was 13 pounds, and have been added to the weight of all other horses, so that the total weight will be 13 pounds.

The weight of the starting horse,

Mr. Oscar Teague, Mysterious Solvay and Hypnotist, saved a life.

The man was recrossed by Judge H. W. Williams of Cuyahoga Co.,

and he at present holds a position which was given him a week ago by the town folks.

He was a member of the town council, and the doctor had given him over to die when a woman went to see her.

She sent a telegram to the doctor, and the patient has been cured.

Mrs. Clara Isaacs was the woman.

She was from Indiana and was the care-

taker of a child who had been reared

in the city and was now in the country.

She had been sent to carry on the

care of the child, and the woman

had been sent to care for the child.

She was sent to care for the child.

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